The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXXI.—NO 53. MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1898. PRICE THREE CENTS

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MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

THE DAWNING OF THE YEAR.

When the snowflakes of December robe
the earth in spotless white,
And the stars in dazzling beauty decorate
the wintry night,
We watch the old year vanish like a
ghost into the past,
To the music of the sleighbells and the
dirges of the blast.
We bless it for its kindness and we sigh
above its dead,
Across the heart graves it has left most
solemnly we tread;
But we turn with hope and gladness as
we brush away a tear
To pleasures which still hidden lie within the glad New Year.

When it dawns in all its glory we shall
put the past away,
And, trusting in its coming, greet its
bright, initial day.
The sun will burst in grandeur on the era
that it brings,
And loves unknown today will touch the
heart's melodious strings.
Oh, when it breaks upon the world may
every mist depart,
And may its bells ring joyously in every
human heart;
For everywhere on land and sea the millions wait to cheer
The banners which in splendor wave
above the glad New Year.

I can almost see its footsteps in the soft
and fleecy snow
And hear its wondrous anthems as its
bells swing to and fro,
For Father Time is standing 'twixt the
new year and the old,
He rings for one a parting dirge, for one
the chimes of gold.
Aye, in the crisp, clear night he stands,
a smile upon his face,
And wishes joy, the while he rings, for
all the human race;
For in the sweet tones of the bells what
heart can never hear
The promises of peace that crown the
dawning of the year?

—New York Clipper.

A LEGEND OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

This is the 30th of January, 1871, said Dame Madeleine, laying down her knitting with a serious look in her brown, shriveled face, like one about to tell a strange story. I'm 91 years old today. I have lived to see many wonderful changes. I have seen the French at Berlin and the Germans in Paris, and now I thank the God that these good old eyes of mine can see but little more evil in this world.

It is seldom enough that I stir from home now, for my own limbs are not so lissom now as they used to be in the days of the great emperor, when I danced down all the village girls at our fete of Paques (Easter) and New Year's eve and prayed for the soul of our young lord, Henri de Mortemar, for it was upon that day that he sinned his greatest sin, and sorely indeed was he punished for it. May God have mercy upon his soul! You say you would like to hear the tale? Well there are not many gentlemen who would care to sit and listen to an old woman's idle stories, so if you're good enough to wish to learn it you shall have it, and welcome.

There's but little remaining now of the old chateau of Mortemar, and if monsieur the marquis could come back to it he would hardly know his own home again, for when the people rose up in 1793 they scarcely left one stone upon another. You can just see a half burned corner of one of the towers, and that's all. But in the days before the revolution what a place it was! Such feasting all day long! Such music and dancing and gayety of every kind! Such troops of servants in rich liveries, and fine gentlemen with laced coats and silver belted swords, and beautiful ladies with powdered hair, and glittering with jewels like the shrine of the Holy Virgin in the cathedral yonder. But to pay for all this splendor we of the people had to make soup out of nettles and to go without fire in winter, and that's why I'm glad the times are changed now.

M. Henri was the only child, but his father, the great marquis, had adopted a young lady, the daughter of an old friend of his who had been killed by his side at the battle of Minden. These were all that lived in the house, but there were always plenty of young gentlemen from the neighborhood hanging about the chateau—and well there might be when such a pretty girl as Mlle. Adela was in it. It would take a good hour to tell you of all her admirers, but the two gayest and wildest of them all were Gaston de St. Cyr, and Raymond de Mericourt, whom they used to call the Black Eagle.

Holy St. Joseph! What a wild set they were, those young madcaps! I can remember as if it were yesterday (though I was only a child then) how they used to racket about the streets of the town at night, kissing every pretty girl they met and pricking every quiet old burgher with their swords till he jumped and hallooed like a dancer at a fair. It was no use complaining, for no one dared to touch a gentleman in those days, and once, when the mayor ventured to object to their doings, they answered by hanging a dead dog at his door with a piece of paper in its mouth saying, "A ton tour, mon frere!" (In your turn, brother.) Little did they dream, then, that their own friends and kinsmen were to be hung along those streets in the very same way only a few years later.

But there was one among the roisterers so different from the rest that he quite put me in mind of that picture of St. Antoine among the demons which hangs above the font in our church. This was young Armand de Courval, who had been bred up for the church, only his elder brother died suddenly and left him heir to the family property. But every one said he would have done much better for an abbe than for a lord, he was so grave and so gentle and so quiet, hardly ever speaking or lifting his eyes from the ground. Our wild young gentlemen used to make fine fun of him, as you may think, but he bore it all without a word, till at last they got tired and left off.

Now, of course, there was a good deal of talk in our neighborhood about the young lady and her admirers, and plenty of guesses were made as to who would be the man. Some said it was M. Henri, while others declared that, having been brought up together like brother and sister, they would never think of each other in any other way. Most people were for M. de Mericourt, and indeed it wouldn't have been easy to find a handsomer or a bolder man if he only had not been so terribly wild, but just then a thing befell which gave us all something else to think about.

It was terribly hot all over France that summer of 1788, and the older men shook their heads and said that if we didn't get some rain soon it would be all over with the harvest. This was bad news for us poor folks, who had little enough to live on anyhow, but upon it came another piece of news that we liked still less—namely, that several dogs of the neighborhood had gone mad and were running about the country biting every one whom they met.

Now, one evening about that time Mlle. Adela went out to stroll among the trees by the riverside, which was a favorite walk of hers. All at once there came bursting through the bushes a huge black dog, raving mad, with its tongue lolling out and the foam flying from its open jaws. She shut her eyes and sank helplessly to the ground, too much terrified even to scream.

Just then, when all seemed over, out from behind a tree (where he had been reading all the afternoon) sprang Armand de Courval, the scholar, the dreamer, the man at whom every one laughed. He ran right at the savage brute, weaponless as he was, flung his coat over its head, so as to blindfold it for an instant, and then quick as lightning seized and hurled it bodily into the river.

When the other gentlemen heard what had happened, they were greatly amazed, as you may think, and praised his courage up to the skies, but he only said: "Why do you extol me? Give the praise to God, who helped me." And then he slipped away, as if he didn't want to hear any more of it.

But the next day Mlle. Adela came to him as he sat in a nook of the great eastern window and said very earnestly:

"M. de Courval, I can never thank you enough for your bravery. I think few of these gay cavaliers who make sport of you would have faced such a death half so well."

But De Courval only smiled a sad, sweet smile, such as one might fancy on the face of a martyr when the flames are rising fast around him.

"Ah, my child," said he in his soft, low voice, "it is better to be doing good than to live doing nothing."

And for several days after that our young lady was strangely silent and thoughtful.

The summer passed, and the autumn passed, and as winter began to draw on every one made his preparations for the Jour de l'An (New Year's day), which, as you know, is our great day in France. There used to be a great fete every year at the chateau of Mortemar, and this time it was to be even grander than usual, for monsieur the marquis had invited friends from all parts and had announced that he should give a feast on New Year's eve to all the tenants on his estate, of whom my mother was one.

So then the young gentlemen began to talk about getting up some kind of show to amuse the tenantry, and M. Henri, who was always foremost in every kind of fun, cried out:

"Hark ye, gentlemen, these good people say we're wild as devils, so suppose we take them at their word. We'll dress up as demons and treat them to a demon dance."

The others shouted with laughter and said it would be just the thing; but Armand de Courval shook his head.

"For heaven's sake, my friends," said he, "don't make a jest of such things! You know"—

"We know that you have a right to be shocked, my dear abbe," broke in M. Henri, laughing, "but it can't matter much for poor sinners like us. I'm sure if satan himself likes to come and head our dance he'll be heartily welcome."

New Year's eve came at last, and the tenants were there in their best clothes, my mother and I among them. The great courtyard had been covered in with canvas and warmed by a big fire at each end, and there we had our supper. Monsieur the marquis and our young lady went out among us to see that we had enough, while the rest sat at the windows and looked on.

When supper ended, there was a sudden burst of wild music. Up went a curtain at the end of the yard, disclosing a stage painted to represent the depths of a forest, and out came M. Henri and his two friends, dressed as demons, and began dancing and hallooing and waving burning torches till they scared us children so that we cried as loud as they did.

The fine folks at the windows clapped their hands and applauded lustily, but all at once somebody cried out:

"I thought there were only three of them. Who's the fourth?"

And when we looked, there, sure enough, where there had only been three dancers a minute back, there seemed now to be four. But no one could tell exactly what the fourth was like, for he flitted about like a shadow, now here, now there and sometimes seeming to be everywhere at once.

Then a strange horror fell over the whole assembly, and every one saw in his neighbor's face the terror that was upon his own. The lights burned blue, and the air suddenly became foul and stifling, like the air of a charnel vault. And as the courtyard grew darker a pale, dismal light, like a half quenched fire, began to rise over the stage, showing us that the faces of the dancers had grown haggard and ghastly and that their dancing was like the writhings of men in mortal agony. Many of the great ladies, who had always mocked at such things and believed neither in God nor the devil, fainted outright, and the boldest of the gentlemen were little better.

Then, amid all the tumult and terror, forth came M. de Courval. Up he went on to the stage, and, lifting his calm, commanding face above the tortured visages of the doomed men, said solemnly:

"Stranger, if you are of mortal mold come forward and meet me like a man. If you are a spirit of evil, begone in the name of him who died for us all."

There came a clap of thunder that seemed to rend the very sky, and all was dark as night, but through the darkness and the silence wailed a low, dying groan. When the light came again, all the gay guests were huddled together like scared sheep, while the three dancers lay prostrate upon the stage, with their dresses all scorched and blackened as if by lightning, but the terrible fourth was nowhere to be seen.

Monsieur the marquis sprang upon the stage and called to his son, but Henri made no answer. He was dead. It fared even worse with M. de Mericourt, for he, the bold, high spirited, reckless cavalier, was a hopeless idiot ever after, crying and cowering like a frightened child. As for Gaston de St. Cyr, the shock sobered him once for all. Thenceforth he devoted his life to good works, and died long after in a foreign land, reverenced like a saint.

"And the young lady?" ask I, as Dame Madeleine pauses.

"She married M. de Courval six months later, and went away to America, where they lived many years, working manfully for their own living and beloved by all who knew them, and only two years ago their grandson (he's an officer in the American army, and such a fine fellow) came over to see the place where his ancestors had lived, and seemed quite pleased to find old Madeleine still alive and hearty. So, you see, monsieur, the good can bring good out of evil, after all."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NEW YEAR'S IN SCOTLAND.

Superstitions Regarding the First Caller of the Year.

It is an exceptional thing for a Scottish family to go to bed on Hogmanay. On the contrary, they sit up waiting for the "first foot," or the one who is the first to put his foot over the doorsill after the clock has struck 12. Refreshments have been prepared and are kept in readiness on tables decorated as elaborately as possible.

There are many superstitions connected with "first footing." The most marked of these has to do with the luckiness or unluckiness of "first foots." It is generally believed that the prosperity or adversity of any family is due to the "first foot" of that year. So strong is this belief that when it is known that a reputed unlucky person intends to "first foot" a family all sorts of schemes are resorted to in order to prevent it. A lucky friend is besought to get there first, or a member of the family stands outside the door to enter as soon as the moment arrives.

But all this is done with the greatest delicacy, so as not to violate the stringent laws of hospitality or offend in the least the unlucky "first foot."

The lucky "first footers" are friends and wellwishers, a kind man, a good man, a sweetheart, people who spread out their feet, those who were born feet first, a man on horseback, a man with a horse and cart. Unlucky "first footers" are thieves, pigeontoed people, cripples, deformed or weakminded folk, a stingy man, an immoral man, a hypocrite, the hangman, a gravedigger or an undertaker, a midwife, all who were suspected of dealing in witchcraft, those whose eyebrows meet and men with red hair.

There is always great rivalry among the young men for the honor of "first footing" the home of the reigning belle. Excitement runs high when four or five athletic young men reach such a house before the hour has struck. It is the wise youth who incites his companions to a bout at wrestling to decide the disputed question, and himself steps over the threshold on the stroke of the hour while the others roll and tumble out in front.—New York Herald.

In England Long Ago.

Dunbar, in his poems, greets James IV thus:

My Prince in God gif the guid grace,
Joy, gladnes, comfort and solace,
Play, pleasance, myrth and mirrie cheir
In hansell of this guid New Yeir,

and Scott, in "Ane New Yeir Gift to the Quene Mary, Quhen Scho Come First Hame" (1561), says:

To seiss thy subjectis so in luf and feir
That rycht and reasoun in thy realme may rule,
God gife thee grace agains this gude New Yeir
—Selected.

New Year's Bells.

Ring in the new year with gladness,
Ring out the old with a tear;
There's always a feeling of sadness
As we witness the death of a year,
A year so swift in its fleeting.
With sorrow we watch its last hour,
Then give the new one a greeting
From the bells in each steeple and tower.

A sigh for the year that is dying,
A tear where the memory dwells,
Then banish the past with its sighing
And list for the voice of the bells.
The song of thanksgiving and pleasure
That welcomes the birth of an hour,
The soul stirring, vibrating measure,
That rolls out from each steeple and tower.

Afar o'er the night shadowed city
The surges of harmony roll.
In anthem triumphant or ditty,
They lighten the sorrowing soul.
A voice from each country and nation
Responds to the jubilant hour
And joins in the wild exultation
Of the bells in each steeple and tower.

A thought for the dead, calmly sleeping,
Below in earth's dreary gloom;
No song of thanksgiving or weeping
Can pierce their dull ears in the tomb.
But above, where all heaven rejoices,
And heralds with praise every hour,
They greet with sweet welcome the voices
That ring out from each steeple and tower.

—Boston Globe.

How to Look Good.

Good looks are really more than skin deep, depending entirely on a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver is inactive, you have a bilious look; if your stomach is disordered, you have a dyspeptic look; if your kidneys are affected, you have a pinched look. Secure good health, and you will surely have good looks. "Electric Bitters" is a good Alterative and Tonic. Acts directly on the stomach, liver and kidneys, purifies the blood, cures pimples, blotches and boils, and gives a good complection. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold at Dr. H. Vaughan's Drug Store. 50 cents per bottle.

Sleep Was Impossible.

"Hives broke out on my body to such an extent that a full night's sleep was impossible. I determined to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after taking two bottles I felt that I was entirely cured. I heartily recommend this medicine." CHARLES S. LOZIER, 31 Atlantic St., Hackensack, N. J.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

THE TRANSCRIPT, $1.00 per year.

Mr. Harix, after reading letter from son at college. John says he is a quarterback.

Mrs. Harix. Wa'al, send him th' quarter an' let him pay up. We can't afford to hev him in debt for th' sake uv a small sum like that.—Judge.

Mistress (engaging cook.) There's one thing I'm very particular about. I cannot, on any account, allow you to entertain policemen in the kitchen.

Cook. You may be quite shore I wouldn't do sich a thing, mum. I can't a-bear p'leecemen, mum. Father was a sosher-list!—Punch.

ARIZONA NEW YEAR'S

HOW THE RECKLESS COWBOY CELEBRATES THE DAY.

Exhibits His Skill In Roping Cattle. The Call to Dinner—Help Yourself From Roasted Quarters of Beef. Dancing In the Evening.

Roughly lettered posters of wrapping paper for weeks had announced that a cowboy tournament and fiesta Mejicana would be held on New Year's day at Agua Caliente.

Two races, each of four heats, have been run in the morning, when the faint popping of a six shooter, supplemented by a distant roar of "Grub! Oh, grub!" announces the hour for dinner. Spectators and racers rush back to the plaza.

Back of one of the principal saloons, between it and the base of the mountain, a long trench has been dug and filled with mesquite wood, burned to clear, red coals. Over these coals, resting on well soaked green poles, quarters of beef have been roasting for the last 12 hours. These quarters are hung in the different verandas, and from them each man cuts such portion as seems good to him and retires to eat it, together with whatever provisions he may have brought with him, while in the burning sun of the plaza the Indians and dogs dispute for and gorge themselves on the refuse.

Soon there is a general movement toward a corral at the foot of the plaza, where the principal business of the day, from a sporting standpoint, is to begin. For a week the founders of the feast have been collecting cattle suitable to their purpose, and the cottonwood pole corral is as full of them as it will hold.

Twenty feet in front of the corrals a long line has been drawn in the sand, then an interval of 40 yards and another. A little to one side the timekeeper, watch in hand, sits on his horse. The first contestant, in this case a handsome young Mexican, places himself with his back to the corral, and the fore hoofs of his pony just toeing the first line.

The bars are lowered and a long legged red cow is allowed to escape. Across the space she runs like a greyhound. The instant she crosses the second line the vaquero plunges in his big spurs and starts in pursuit, his riata whistling around his head. The cow points straight for a growth of scrub, as though she knew that no lariat could be thrown in such a place. The little horse gains on her rapidly. Before she has made more than a third of the distance to her goal he is at her flying heels. Then the rope flies out so quickly that the eye can hardly follow it, but the cow makes a quick turn and gallops on, still free.

The Mexican makes no second attempt. The loss of time caused by his first failure would prevent his winning the coveted prize. So he sulkily withdraws, and his place is taken by another, who sits with straining eagerness as a gray bull is sent careering across the dead line.

"Off fore foot," he cries as his pony springs forward. Then follows a quick cast, a couple of turns around the saddlehorn, and the horse braces back, tucking his head well down to keep it out of the way—while the bull, his flight suddenly arrested, turns a half somersault and lands on his back, caught by the leg his captor has named. Securing the line, the man dimounts and runs toward his prey as fast as his high heels will allow. It struggles fiercely, but the pony is far too well trained to let the bull rise, and, with a tightening of the lariat, neatly foils every attempt. The captured fore leg is quickly made fast to a hind leg—"hog tied"—and then the cowboy holds up his hand to show that it is completed.

The judges having pronounced that the animal is properly secured, the time taken to accomplish the feat is entered and another man tries his skill.

The twilight comes at last. Dusk is soon followed by darkness in these latitudes, and hardly has it fallen when the strains of rude music announce the opening of the great social feature of the day, the ball. The ballroom is the whole upper floor of the hotel. The walls are of rough adobe, the floor of unplaned planks. From the rafters of the flat roof hang all the lanterns that can be borrowed in the neighborhood—that is, within a radius of ten miles—and candles burn on bits of board stuck in the interstices of the sun baked brick of the walls. Benches of planks laid across boxes line three sides of the room. At one end of the hall, on a rough stage erected there, sit the musicans. There are three of them, all Mexicans, one playing a squeaky fiddle, the other two guitars. All of them wear their hats and smoke crooked cigarettes of brown paper as they play.

There are about 20 girls, many of them pretty and all of them dressed with a neatness and taste quite remarkable when one considers their limited resources. About the same number of older women complete the feminine contingent, and all are in demand, for the men number a hundred or more.

The men are all dressed for the occasion, each in the manner that happens to suit his fancy. Many retain their spurs, in which they are popularly supposed to sleep. One young fellow is especially swell, wearing a white shirt and red necktie under a long black cutaway coat, and clad as to his nether man in the leather "chaps" of the cowboy, with the jingling "petmakers" still fast to his high heeled boots.

Dance follows dance in rapid succession. The measured pounding of the feet as they noisily caper over the resounding boards almost drowns the music. It is thoroughly enjoyed until nearly daybreak, when the company disperses. Horses are saddled, blankets unrolled, and soon, save for the snarling of the coyotes as they quarrel over the remains of the supper, the little village is silent.—Philadelphia Press.

"What," inquired the psychological student, "do you regard as the chief end of man?"

"Well, answered Mr. Blykins, "it depends on what you want the man for. If you want him to do brain work it's his head and if you want him to run errands, it's his feet."—Washington Star.

THE TRANSCRIPT, $1.00 per year.

NEW YEAR GAMES.

Old Fashioned Amusement to Wind Up the Holiday.

The old fashion of game playing seems to be left to children nowadays, in spite of the merry frolics that memory can recall. But in holiday time the most staid and stately are willing to be foolish for the sake of the little ones, and then all games, new and old, are welcomed.

Did you ever try "brothers of pity?" Sheets of newspapers are twisted into hollow cones so as to completely cover the heads of the players. Two small oval holes are cut in each cap so that only the eyes of the wearer are seen. Six or eight people put on these caps and sit in a row, with a big sheet or tablecloth held in front to conceal the whole of their bodies. These brothers are set in a good light, and the rest of the company is then brought into the task of guessing their names. The fun lies in the fact that one's nearest and dearest is often a little doubtful as to the color of one's eyes, and much laughter is provoked when "mother" does not recognize "father" nor sisters their brothers.

The "game of moods" is a good one. A person is sent from the room, and the rest agree to answer his questions in a particular tone—rudely, patronizingly, absently, lovingly or as they decide. On his return he questions each player in turn, and when all have answered in the chosen mood he must guess what the word is. If he guesses wrong, he must go round again, but each must spare no pains to make the mood clear.

"Hunt the whistle" is an old favorite, but it can only be played once at the same party, since all but one know the secret. A player is led blindfolded into a ring of chairs on which all the others are seated. A deft hand fastens a small whistle to the back of the blind victim by means of a long string with a hook at one end of it.

For this whistle he must hunt, the others catching it and blowing it at every turn, and the effort to discover its whereabouts is often long delayed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

This Tells of One, but It Happened on Christmas.

Speaking of Christmas cheer, new year resolutions and mended ways, here is a little story that embraces them all.

"It comes from the lower walks of life," as the story teller would put it—those walks that the dainty woman of good fortune seldom sees the dismal and intricate windings of. But it is down among these winding ways that I think the echoes of the Christmas chimes and the hope that comes from the beautiful Christmas story mean most when they are heard, and so I will tell it.

There was small promise of a happier day than usual in the little two rooms "back" where an industrious little woman—what her name is does not matter—and her three tiny children, all as neat as new pins, sat and waited. Waited—for what?

It was Christmas eve, and there is always plenty to wait for on that eve—even Santa Claus himself might come! But the waiting in the little two rooms "back" was of the anxious sort. It was for an unsteady footstep. Holidays always meant that the footstep would be just a trifle more unsteady than at other times.

It was presently heard—just as the faintest sound of the chiming bells stole up to the two rooms "back"—but it was a lighter and more sober tread than the industrious little woman and her three neat toddlers had heard for a long time. It was the step that was the outcome of a good resolution made just a little in advance of the new year and in time to make Christmas day very bright for all in the two rooms "back."

There was a tiny Christmas tree next morning for the children, who had been hurried into bed as soon as the footsteps were heard in the court below, and there was a turkey for all, and "all that with the turkey goes."

This was a year ago and now a few days over. The little industrious woman does not do so many "family washings" nowadays as formerly, and when she took home her last small bundle of beautifully ironed linen to its owner on the Christmas eve that has just gone her face looked very rosy and smiling, for she said: "The children will have a good Christmas tomorrow. John he hasn't drank a drop for this night one year."—St. Louis Republic.

New Year In China.

New Year is the national pay day in China. All accounts must be squared up at that time, and the man who can't raise money enough to pay his debts has to go into bankruptcy, says an exchange. The laws are such that the creditor can enter the debtor's house and take what he pleases if there is no settlement. To prevent such action families club together and make all sorts of compromises to keep up the business reputation of the clan. New Year is a great day for the pawnbrokers. Their shops are crowded with people who want to redeem their best clothes before the new year. There are crowds also who want to pawn other things in order to get money to pay their debts. Pawnbrokers receive high rates of interest, in which they are protected by the government.—Omaha World-Herald.

The New Year.

Here's a Happy New Year!
Sunshine's in the sky.
Join the throng
And swell the song
That comes a-floatin by.

Wear a smile fur strangers;
Welcome all yer kin:
Carve the roast
And give a toast
To folks that happens in.

Wish we all may prosper
In whate'er we do.
An we must
Ef each'll just
Help the others through.
—Washington Star.

An Enterprising Druggist.

There are few men more wide awake and enterprising than Dr. H. Vaughan who spare no pains to secure the best of everything in their line for their many customers. They now have the valuable agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. This is the wonderful remedy that is producing such a furor all over the country by its many startling cures. It absolutely cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all affections of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Call at above drug store and get a trial bottle free or a regular size for 50 cents and $1.00. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

IN COUNTY KERRY.

The Jolly Irishman Makes Merry on New Year's Day.

The celebration of New Year's is a most important festival everywhere in Ireland, but perhaps nowhere more so than in Kerry. There it is the day of fairs and steeplechases—lazy, knowing looking donkeys being the principal participants in the latter—and it is the day on which the itinerant fakir bases all his hopes of selling lead for silver and washed copper for "pure 18 carat gold."

At 6 o'clock on New Year's eve the saucepans and "piggins" in the little thatched cottages are reflecting their gala day polish and the holly and laurel and ivy on the window sills are doing their best to outshine the sprigs of mistletoe that brighten the old kitchen ceiling. Wax candles of all sizes and colors (having soft sods of turf for candlesticks) adorn the upper windows of the house and light the way of the traveler along the "boreen" or through the mountain intricacies. Flitches of bacon are set aside; luckless chickens ("poor crathurs") have their heads taken off; broad griddle cakes and round oven cakes are baked over the warm turf fire with surprising rapidity, and children are set at stoning raisins for the New Year's cake.

They have a pretty custom in Kerry in connection with this. If a member of the family has died or has emigrated to America or the colonies, a cake is made and stamped with the name of the absent one.

Midnight mass is celebrated in the country chapels, and a more picturesque sight can hardly be conceived than when hundreds of country men and women, clad in their brightest and gayest, make their way along the roads, some on foot, some in donkey carts and some in the jaunting cars which are the pride of every Kerry heart.

After mass the worshipers become revelers, and along the road to their homes they sing New Year's carols and beat improvised drums. As they go members of the party knock at the doors on the way, screaming: "Get up, lazy bones! You've slept since last year!" The man of the house gets up and gives the visitors a "dhrap o' the crathur" or a bowl of goat's milk and "holiday cake," and they sing his praises until they get to the next house, but woe to the inhospitable one who refuses them entrance, for the peculiarities of himself and his wife are enlarged upon, and every mean tale that tradition has gathered about the family is rehashed and given utterance to. — Pittsburg Dispatch.

NEW YEAR'S IN ROME.

How the King and Queen of Italy Receive Their Guests.

At Rome the 1st of January assumes additional importance from the fact that it is the day on which King Humbert and Queen Margherita present annual gifts to their relatives and to the members of their household, and inasmuch as they are both of them very generous and seem to know by intuition just what will give most pleasure to the recipients the festival at the court of the Quirinal is characterized by an appearance of infinitely greater enjoyment and happiness than obtain either at Vienna or at Berlin. The king and queen stand on the dais under the canopy in front of their chair of state in the throneroom to receive with due formality the various parliamentary, military, judicial and administrative delegations commissioned to lay at the feet of their majesties the good wishes of the various bodies which they represent.

But as soon as this is over the king begins to stroll about the various apartments, and a good deal of freedom and abandon prevail until the supper hour is announced. The royal party then march in procession to a small supper room and with the embassadors and their wives take their places at tables adorned with that magnificent golden plate for which the house of Savoy is so famous, while the remainder of the guests rush pellmell and in a very undignified fashion to the buffets, which are literally taken by storm and quickly devastated, as far as everything in the nature of food or drink is concerned.—Philadelphia Press.

The Coming Year.

The new year can be likened unto a blankbook of 365 pages, which has been placed in our hands. What will the book contain at the end of the year? Some pages will be stained with tears. Some will be crumpled as if clutched in despair. Some will contain words of hate and anger, which will burn the page whereon they are written. Other pages will be filled with the record of "something accomplished, something done," which has "earned a night's repose." There will be the record of battles fought, and at the end of the year we can turn back and see when we have conquered, when we have lost. There will be written upon these pages in letters of gold an account of the self sacrifices, loves and faithful devotions.—Selected.

Varying New Year Dates.

In all Christian countries it is now nominally celebrated on the 1st day of January, but this day in the Gregorian calendar occurs 12 days earlier than in the Julian. For this reason Russia and Greece, which still go by the Julian calendar, celebrate Jan. 1 on our Jan. 13.

Many of the ancient nations began their new year on Sept. 22, at the autumnal equinox. The Romans reckoned, until the time of Julius Cæsar, their new year from the winter solstice. The Jews, to this day, begin their new year at a date which, roughly speaking, corresponds to our September.—Selected.

The Swearing Off Vice.

Bilkeys—I'm going to swear off on the 1st of January.

Silkeys—Oh, pshaw! I thought you were going to break all those bad habits.—Chicago News Record.

THE TRANSCRIPT, $1.00 per year.

Stories of George Eliot.

Mrs. Gen. Porter has just had printed a memoir of her father, John Blackwood, the founder of the famous magazine that bears his name. Here are two stories of George Eliot, the great novelist:

"On one occasion, when we were calling on her that summer, she said she was very anxious about the safety of the manuscript of "Deronda,' and wanted to have it back, but dared not trust it to the postoffice. My father said he could not bring it himself next day, but could send it by a trusty messenger (the footman.) At this she quailed. 'Oh, he might stop at a public house and forget it.' We assured her such a lapse had never been known to occur. 'Then might he not, if he were the sort of high-minded Bayard we described, be very likely to stop and help at a fire?' This was a contingency we had never contemplated, and finally, after much laughter, we promised her that some member of the family should place the manuscript in her hands; and, as a matter of fact, I think my mother drove over with it to her next morning.,,

As to the impression George Eliot made on her father, Mrs. Porter writes:

"The impression was that of a person beyond all things kindly and sympathetic, ever ready to be amused and interested in all that concerned her friends. Her sense of humor, too was extremely keen, and my father, I remember, always made her laugh. The ponderosity of her conversation, and difficulty of making any way with her, of which some visitors have complained, must, we think, have been caused by their selecting topics not really congenial to themselves simply because they were talking to George Eliot, scaling heights that were beyond them, and as a result getting crushed by a solid avalanche of learning."

"My family can't help feeling a little proud of having been carried over by the Mayflower," said the young woman who was visiting in Chicago.

"Is that so!" answered the young man, interestedly. "None of our folks ever went into the florist business. What brought us through was wheat."—Washington Star.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "did yer hear 'bout Alaska?"

"Lots. Are you t'inkin' of de trip?"

"I dunno. I'm told dat daylight lasts twenty-four hours at a stretch. If I could git a job in dat locality as night watchman I dunno but I'd be willin' to work."—Washington Star.

Pain-Killer

(PERRY DAVIS'.)

A Sure and Safe Remedy in every case and every kind of Bowel Complaint is

Pain-Killer

This is a true statement and it can't be made too strong or too emphatic.

It is a simple, safe and quick cure for

Cramps,	Cough,	Rheumatism,
Colic,	Colds,	Neuralgia,
Diarrhœa,	Croup,	Toothache.

Two sizes, 25c. and 50c.

Keep it by you. Beware of Imitations. Buy only the Genuine—Perry Davis'.

Sold Everywhere.

RHEUMATISM,

Lumbago,
Neuralgia,
Dyspepsia,

and INFLAMMATORY DISEASES CURED BY

POLYNICE OIL

This new French Medical Discovery has been used with remarkable success in Bellevue Hospital, New York; Howard Hospital, Philadelphia, John Hopkins and the Maryland Hospitals, Baltimore, Md.

The New York Herald, October 3d and 6th, in an editorial article, says the experiments made at Bellevue Hospital with POLYNICE OIL in treatment of RHEUMATISM were highly successful.

The physicians at Bellevue Hospital were surprised at the marvellous results produced by this wonderful French medical discovery, which they called

POWERFUL POLYNICE.

John Hopkins University,
Baltimore, 5th April, 1897.

The experiments made here at the hospital with the Polynice Oil, witnessed by me, having been very successful, I hereby recommend it in all cases of rheumatism.

Signed, DR. E. L. ROGERS.

Polynice Oil

50 cents per bottle. Sent upon receipt of price in stamps.

Dr. ALEXANDRE,

Specialist from Paris,

1218 G ST., N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Refuse all bottles that do not bear the above name and address.

The Middletown Transcript

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., DEC. 31, 1898

THE CHURCHES IN MIDDLETOWN.

Bethesda M. E. Church.—Rev. Isaac L. Wood, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m. Sabbath School every Sabbath at 2 p. m., A. G. Cox, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, every Thursday evening, 7.30 o'clock. Junior Epworth League and Epworth Cadets every Friday night at 7 o'clock. Young Ladies' Mission Circle, Monday nights at Parsonage. Women's Foreign Missionary Society, first Friday night of each month. Women's Home Missionary Society, first Thursday night of each month. Mite Society, first Saturday night of each month. Official Board meeting first Friday afternoon of each month at 2.30 o'clock.

Forest Presbyterian Church.—Rev. F. H. Moore, Pastor. Services held every Sabbath morning at 10.30 o'clock, and every Sabbath evening at 7.30. Sabbath School will be held every Sabbath morning at 9.15 o'clock, H. C. Ellison, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. Young People's Society Christian Endeavor meets every Sunday evening at 6.45 o'clock. Junior Society Christian Endeavor every Sunday after noon at 3 o'clock.

Services at Armstrong's Chapel the first Sabbath of each month at 3 p. m.

St. Anne's Protestant Episcopal Church.—Rev. Wm. J. Wilkie, Rector. Holy Communion on the first Sunday in the month at 10.30 a. m. On all other Sundays at 7.30 a. m Divine services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m., and 8 p. m. Morning Prayer and Litany every Wednesday and Friday at 10 a. m. Evening Prayer on Friday at 3.30 p. m. On all Holy Days service at 10 a. m., and 3.30 p. m. Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. Adult Bible Class at 3.45 p. m. The Guild meets every Thursday at 2 p. m., the Ladies on the first and third Fridays of each month at 2 p. m., the Boys' Club on Friday evenings at 7.30 and the Junior Auxiliary on Saturdays at 3 p. m.

Local News.

Every body uses Bragdon's Poultry Remedy, it cures; 25 cents.

—At Cost.—I will sell my entire stock of Millinery at cost.
Edith B. Morgan, Odessa, Del.

—A fine Fresh Milch Cow for sale on terms to suit, by G. E. HUKILL,
Middletown, Del.

—Latest style wedding invitations printed expeditiously and cheaply at the TRANSCRIPT office.

—It is rumored that the Pennsylvania Railroad will run a Sunday train over the D., M. & V. Railroad next season.

—If you are going out of town for an outing leave your address at The Transcript office and the paper will follow you. It is the only way to keep posted on town affairs.

—Remember that J. F. McWhorter & Son have a full line of carriages and agricultural Implements on hand

—Shirts, 10c; Cuffs, 4c; Collars, 2c. All work guaranteed to be the best.—Lee Sing, North Broad Street.

—Prof. S. T. Ford, the humorous lecturer, who recently lectured in Middletown, is filling engagements in the towns of the Peninsula.

—Do you want the "best farm wagon made?" If so, buy the Milburn. Do you want to double the profits from your cows? If so, buy the American Separator. The above are for sale by
J. F. McWHORTER & SON

—The Imitation Buffalo Robes with Jot lots of Plush Robes and Horse Blankets at J. C. Parker & Son.

—Frozen apples and other fruits if thawed out gradually in the dark are hurt but little, or not at all. Thawing in the light is what damages both fruit and plants.

—Decorative Plants.—A lot of Fine Palms and other Decorative Plants in for Christmas at very reasonable prices, also Carnations and Winter Blooming Bulbs.—E. J. STEELE, Florist, Middletown, Del.

PROFESSIONAL CARD.—Dr. W. E. Barnard Surgeon Dentist, office same location, opposite the post office. All operations pertaining to dentistry guaranteed. Odontunder and Gas for painless extracting.

—Quite a stir has been made by the announcement that the surplus of the Fruit Growers National Bank, Smyrna, has been reduced from $30,000 to $3,000, owing to "western speculation."

—The best man to see when you get the grip is a doctor, and the best place to go to is your bed. Between the two the patient ought to pull through quickly. Take the grip in time is the advice of those who know.

—Mr. William Dugan and Miss Mary Burris, of Red Lion, were united in marriage Wednesday evening, December 21st, by the Rev. O. W. DeVenish at the home of the bride's father, Mr. J. W. Burris, of Red Lion.

—The Peninsula Horticultural Society will meet in Smyrna, January 11th, 12th and 13th. The program includes interesting and instructive papers by five or six prominent fruit growers from other states, as well as papers by the most experienced of this State.

—An exchange tells of a man who refused to subscribe for that paper because he could get a bigger one from the city for the same money. Subsequently he saw a fire escape advertised for $1. He sent his dollar and got a vest pocket copy of the New Testament.

—Mr. Alexander Spear, living near Chester bridge, in Queen Anne, has rented a fifty acre grazing farm near New Castle, Delaware, and will move to his new farm this week. He pays a rent of $500, and will enter largely into the milk business.—Chestertown Transcript.

—The Messrs. Massey Brothers received this week from Currituck, N. C., a beautiful specimen of a swan, one of thirty killed by their brother, Edward E. Massey, at four shots from a box. There were hundreds in the flock. From tip to tip this bird measured 7 feet.

—To-morrow at Bethesda M. E. Church at 10.30 the services will have special reference to the New Year. At 7.30 preaching and the beginning of the Evangelistic services which will continue every evening during the week. On Tuesday evening Presiding Elder Cochran will preach. All are invited.

—Selling out at one-quarter below cost all my Millinery goods, consisting of trimmed and untrimmed hats, baby caps, tamashanters, outing hats, velvets and the largest line of ribbons to be found in town. Laces suitable for dress trimmings, stamp linens and embroidery silk in all colors. Pin-cushions and fancy silk. Also store fixtures. Passementre for dress trimming. Mrs. M. C. Barnett.

—The W. C. T. U. has decided to protest against a book used in the public schools. It is Overton's Physiology, and the part that is objected to by the temperance women is the treatise on alcohol. They claim that instead of being intended to create temperance sympathy, it states that alcohol is a food. Action has been taken in the matter by the W. C. T. U. of Wilmington and they decided to enter a vigorous protest against the continued use of the volume.

—Next week being the "Week of Prayer," special services will be held in the Forest Presbyterian Church on every evening except Saturday evening. The subjects will be as follows: Monday, "Prayerful Confession;" Tuesday, "The Church Universal;" Wednesday, "Nations and Their Rulers;" Thursday, "Home and Foreign Missions." At this service Rev. S. Beattie Wylie, of New Castle, will officiate. Friday, "Families and Schools." All are cordially invited to attend these services.

—No handsomer calendar was ever put out than that issued by Messrs. J. Frank McWhorter & Son.

—George McCleary, aged 17 years, did yesterday morning from consumption which marked him months ago for its victim. He has been quite a sufferer, having seen little of the bright side of life. He was small for his age. His uncomplaining patience made for him many friends among old and young. Funneal services on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

—The home of United States Marshal John Cannon Short, in Wilmington, was the scene of an interesting event on Tuesday evening, when the Marshal's daughter, Miss Lillie Elizabeth Short, and William L. McIlvaine, of Stockley, Del., were united in wedlock. The nuptial knot was tied by the Rev. W. L. S. Murray, Ph. D., of St. Paul's M. E. Church, in the presence of many relatives and friends.

—At the entertainment by the White Rose Minstrels in Smyrna on Christmas night (Monday) the receipts were $163.00. At the Middletown Opera House the same night a company from Philadelphia had the receipts attached for board. The difference—the one was advertised thoroughly, the other scarcely at all. There was a brief notice in the TRANSCRIPT at the hour of going to press but no posters.

—St. Barnabas Church, the pretty little Protestant Episcopal building at Marshallton, was totally destroyed by fire Sunday night last. The church was a frame structure situated on a hill and a considerable distance away from water. The fire was started by a coal oil stove exploding in an ante-room. The carpets caught fire and the building was soon in a blaze. The fire followed the oil along the floor and soon caught to the pews. The loss is estimated at $3,000.

—The Christmas music which was rendered in the Forest Presbyterian Church, will be repeated on to-morrow at the morning and evening services. Three special selections will be given at the latter service. In the morning the subject of the Rev. F. H. Moore's sermon will be "The Bells of the Old and of the New Year," and the subject of the evening service will be "Life's Voyages." A cordial invitation is extended to all. The annual collection for the Board of Ministerial Relief will be taken at the morning service.

—On Saturday evening several gentlemen were sitting in the office of 'Squire Reynolds when one of them picked up from a desk a revolver which had been taken from some colored man and while making inquiries concerning it began to snap it, and at the third or fourth pull there was a report and a bullet had entered the table upon one end of which the 'Squire was sitting. It is said the man who fired the revolver felt his strength oozing out at his finger tips and he sent out and got a dose of "valerian." His friends are amused at the "valerian" on Christmas night.

—A dapper stranger, representing himself as a friend of Mrs. Botkin, left Dover Tuesday after failing to accomplish his purpose. He claimed to be a California railroad man, and after exhibiting a roll of transportation on all trans-continental systems and abusing J. P. Dunning and shielding Mrs. Botkin, he asked to see Cashier Walter Morris, of the Farmers' Bank. This created a stir and everybody thought Morris' deposition or attendance at the trial was demanded. The stranger, however, wanted only a check on a San Francisco bank honored, displaying his transportation as evidence of good faith. Upon being refused he tried the First National Bank, but was likewise unsuccessful. He left town declaring that Mrs. Botkin had twenty millions back of her and would go free.

THE NEW CENTURY CLUB TEA.

On Tuesday last the club gave the second tea of the season. The first being that of Oct. 14th, which was largely attended, and on that occasion the room was handsomely decorated with palms, ferns, daisies (the club flower), and white cosmos. At the second tea less attention was paid to decoration, the more conventional holly being the only plant used, but the two small tables that occupied the center of the room presented a very inviting and attractive appearance with their silver, dainty china and delicate eatables.

Each lady on entering was promptly served by a committee appointed for that purpose, and a pleasant and social time was spent by the following members and guests: Mrs. W. B. Biggs, Mrs. W. F. Kennedy, Mrs. Geo. V. Peverly, Mrs. Merritt N. Willits, Miss Mary Rothwell, Miss Nellie Rothwell, Miss Ethel Brady, Miss Dora Price, Miss Parvis, Miss Laura Willits, Miss Bessie Reynolds, Miss Saddie Pharo, Miss Annie Ellison, Mrs. Boyd McCoy, Miss Hester Jones, Miss Jodie Biggs and Mrs. H. B. McDowell.

Next week the program will include the following papers: "John Bunyan," Miss Mabel Taylor; "Charles II," Miss Annie Ellison; "Jonathan Swift;" Miss Eliza Cochran; "James II," Mrs. Chas. A. Ritchie.

THE GREATEST ALMANAC.

A WONDERFUL COLECTION OF FACTS ISSUED BY "THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS."

To those familiar with the Almanac issued by "The Philadelphia Press," Pennsylvania's Greatest Newspaper, the announcement that the 1899 edition is on sale is quiet sufficient to induce purchase. Those who have examined the contents of the two previous volumes issued by that paper know that there is not to be found in the United States—and, if not there, nowhere in the world—an almanac which surpasses "The Press'" for accuracy, comprehensiveness, variety and attractiveness. It is a volume of over 500 pages, replete with the information that every citizen interested in the past, the present, the future of the country in which he lives needs constantly. What "The Philadelphia Press" does for the news of the world daily its Almanac does for the events of the year. There is not one department of human activity which is not touched on. The farmer and the merchant the clerk and the professional man may each find in it something to interest and to instruct. It answers the many questions concerning the Government of the United States and of foreign stations, is a valuable resume the war with Spain, abounds with statistics from commercial and industrial pursuits, tells the story of the part played by the Keystone boys in the late war—and is, in fact, a complete cyclopaedia of the world's activities during 1898, and must be indispensable to every thinking American citizen. The Almanac may be had from newsdealers or by sending 25 cents to "The Press," Philadelphia.

Sleep Was Impossible.

"Hives broke out on my body to such an extent that a full night's sleep was impossible. I determined to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after taking two bottles I felt that I was entirely cured. I heartily recommend this medicine." CHARLES S. LOZIER, 31 Atlantic St., Hackensack, N. J.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

PERSONALITIES

Itt le Lines Abont Men and Women and What They Are Doing.

—Perhaps the cutest Christmas tree in Middletown was the one in honor of Miss Barnard, the six months' daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Barnard. It was prettily trimmed and pleased the young lady exactly. The score or more of presents were appropriate and all to her liking, she not having expresse l the least disappointment in any of them—not even privately to the the family. Monday being the birthday anniversary of her mother, in answer to inquiries she chose her name, it not having been previously decided upon and only her parents knowing what it might be. A few friends were invited in and Miss Barnard became Miss Helen Covington Barnard, the name of her maternal grandmother. After the ceremony the little lady held her most forceful argument with the bald-headed lawyer and came off the winner. On Thursday afternoon another Middletown young lady who counts her months back to July was the centre of a family christening party at St. Anne's Church, Miss Mildred Vaughan, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Horace Vaughan.

—At the Milford dance on Monday night Middletown was represented by Mr. W. Reese Parker and Miss Susie Parker. At Smyrna on Tuesday evening Miss Elizabeth Parker, who is the guest of Smyrna friends, was Middletown's representative, On Thursday evening at Dover were Misses Helen and Daisy Naudain, Miss Susie Parker and her friend, Miss Weylor, Mr. W. Reese Parker and Mr. Fred. S. Crouch.

—Misses Grace and Mabel Houston, of Trenton, N. J., are guests of Miss Viola Ennis.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Hearn spent Christmas with Mrs. Hearn's mother, Mrs. Manlove Wilson. Miss Mollie Wilson returned with her sister to Georgetown on Thursday.

—Mr. John J. Hoffecker was the guest of his father, Mr. James R. Hoffecker, during the Holidays.

—The Misses Parker are entertaining Miss Ida Weylor, Miss Ray Lank, Mr. Fred W. Anconey, of Pottstown, Pa.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Reynolds dined with their daughter, Mrs. D. V. Barnard in Wilmington, on Christmas Day.

—Mrs. Purnell, of Snow Hill, Md., sister of Mr. Jas. B. Messick, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Messick at the Middletown Hotel.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Evans spent Christmas in his old home at Dover with friends. Mr. Evans speaks in praise of the great improvements at the capital.

—Mrs. P. L. McWhorter has entertained durning the Holidays her mother Mrs. Boggs, and her brother, Mr. Alex. Walmsley, of Philadelphia.

—Miss Blanche Cochran has been quite ill with the grippe.

—Mr. Fred. S. Crouch, of Atlantic City, spent the Holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Crouch.

—Miss Sadie Burgess, of Still Pond, Md., was a Christmas visito at the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Barnard.

—Messrs. George and Fred. Echenhofer, of Philadelphia, have been Holiday visitors with their sister, Mrs. Albert Price.

—Mr. Robert C. Cannon, of Norfolk, Va., has been a guest at the National Hotel this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. H. Lingo, of Philadelphia, and Mr. J. C. Staats, of Fairlee, Md., spent Christmas with Mrs. Catherine Merritt.

—Rev. W. E. Wright, spent the Holidays with his mother and sister, Mrs. Wright and Mrs. M. B. Burris. The latter had also as her guests at Christmas her sister, Mrs. J. M. Authors, and family, of Kenton.

—Mrs. V. L. Culbertson, of Wilmington, is visiting with Middletown friends.

—Mrs. Nehemiah Burris is entertaining her sister, Miss Elizabeth Jones, on Crawford street.

—Mr. J. Edgar Clayton is quite ill at the present with grip at his home near Mt. Pleasant. His church wedding is announced for next week and he is now improving.

—Master Paul Messick is visiting relatives in Dover.

So much depends upon the purity of the blood that by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla many different diseases are cured.

KENT COUNTY.

(For other items under this heading turn to outside pages.)

Miss France Pennewill, sister to the wife of Senator R. R. Kenney, died in a Philadelphia hospital Wednesday afternoon of typhoid pneumonia,

Magistrate William P. Fowler, aged 75 years, was stricken with paralysis Wednesday evening. He is one of Milford's oldest citizens. His condition is serious.

Elia Johns an old colored man well known in this town, died at his home just over the railroad on Thursday. He was the father of 25 children and died at the ripe age of 92.—Delaware.

William R. Davis, aged 65 years, who, last month, was elected assessor of Milford hundred, died on Tuesday afternoon, while sitting in a chair at his home, preparing to make his assessment. His death resulted from heart disease.

Frank Emory, aged 25 years, a farmer who resided between Frederica and Milford, died on Tuesday evening, while sitting in a chair at the residence of his brother, Martin Emory. His death resulted from heart disease. He was to have been married soon.

Suit was brought this week by Mrs. Alice Conwell against her tenant, Charles Duhadaway, for the non-performance of his duties. She claimed he had failed to seed 100 acres of wheat, to properly cultivate his corn, etc., as provided by the lease. The defendant won the suit. The case was argued before three referees.

After a 2500 mile trip from the great Northern lake via the St. Lawerence river and Atlantic ocean to the Delaware river, the Steamer built for the Vinyard Bros., in Wisconsin to run between Milford and Philadelphia, proved not suited for the route, and has been sold by her owners to parties in Smyrna, Delaware. A boat similar to the Endeavor is what the route between Milford and Philadelphia requires, and if such a boat is permantly placed here there will be no question about the profit in the enterprise. Water navigation is needed by this section, and it will be patronized when the people get confidence in its permanency as a line.—Milford Chronical.

THE TRANSCRIPT, $1.00 per year.

HON. JOHN PRICE COCHRAN.

Ex-Gov. John P. Cochran, Sr., after a brief illness at his home near Middletown, died early Tuesday morning; December 27th. His death follows closely after several others of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of St. Georges hundred, all of them occasions of sincere regret. The governor, as every body called him, got a fall on Saturday of Thanksgiving week in front of the post office, it being his custom to come to town every fair day and many not so fair, and taking cold developed grip and pneumonia. He had not strength to stand the strain.

John Price Cochran, son of Robert Cochran, was born on Feb 7th, 1809, on one of the farms which he owns on the Levels in Appoquinimink hundred now tenanted by Mrs. Benj. Gibbs. The governor's early years were spent on the farm, and from his 17th to 26th years in mercantile pursuits. He clerked for Charles Tatman in Odessa and for Lockwood & Garrison in Middletown, and afterwards was in business for himself. He returned to the farm and was very successful in growing grain and also in the sale of the fine timber, the noble forest trees which years ago covered these fertile fields. In '45 he moved to "Cochran Grange" where he died, though almost a half century ago he ceased to farm for himself. His lands embrace 13 or 14 of the finest farms of New Castle county and of Kent county, Md.—400 acres, estimated to be worth $200,000 or more. The estate is supposed to have in bonds and mortgages besides $100,000—nearly all the result of farming and good business methods, the patrimony and wedding dower neither having been very large. This is a most unusual testimony to good farming.

The governor was always interested in politics. From 1838 to 1846 he served in the Levy Court. In 1874 he defeated the late ex-Gov. John W. Hall by a narrow vote in the gubernatorial nomination, though New Castle county had not had a Governor for 40 years, the last Democratic candidate, Levi Jefferson, having been defeated by William Cannon in 1862. At the election his competitor was Dr. Isaac Jump, of Dover. In the nomination the MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT was perhaps his best friend, advocating his cause in season and out of season. The friends of its editor, Mr. Edward Reynolds, thought he should be rewarded with a Court House office but Mr. Charles Beasten secured the appointment sought by Mr. Reynolds.

The governor was twice married, his first wife and mother of his children was Miss Eliza Polk, daughter of William Polk, of Odessa. The present wife was Miss Mary Tomlin, daughter of James Tomlin, of Milford. The deceased leaves three brothers Mr. R. Thomas Cochran, aged 84; Mr. W. A. Cochran, aged 80; Mr. Richard W. Cochran, aged 77. They were four remarkable well-preserved men—now three. Of the governor's first marriage there six children: Wm. R. Cochran, who has four sons and two daughters; Charles Polk Cochran, who has a son and daughter; John Cochran, deceased, who left three sons and a daughter; Mrs. Eliza Green, who has five sons and a daughter; and Julian Cochran, who has two daughters.

Rev. F. H. Moore, D. D. had charge of the funeral services, assisted by Rev. W. J. Wilkie. They were held at the residence at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon; interment in Forest Cemetery. The day was bright and balmy, and the attendance quite large. The three ex-Governors of the State and the present Gov. were in attendance; also Senator Gray, Judge I. T. Grubb, Judge W. C. Spruance, E. T. Warner, Esq.; L. C. Vandegrift, Esq.; and John G. Gray, Esq., of Wilmington; Hon. John W. Causey, of Milford; Gen. R. L. Holiday, of Dover; Hon. W. D. Hazel, of Smyrna; Thomas Craven, Esq., of Salem, N. J.

The honorary pall bearers were ex-Gov. Charles C. Stockley, of Georgetown, ex-Gov. Robert J. Reynolds, of Petersburg; ex-Gov. W. T. Watson, of Milford; Gov. Ebe W. Tunnell, of Lewes; Judge I. T. Grubb, who was Secretary of State to the deceased; and John D. Rodney, Esq., of New Castle. Six grandsons served as active pall bearers: John P. Cochran, Jr., C. Malcolm Cochran, Dr. J. C. Stites, Dr. J. C. Green, Victor Cochran, Warren Cochran.

A PRACTICAL CHRISTMAS JOKE.

He Went to Church Too Late.

Go where you will in this wide world,
In county town or State,
Don't have the saying at you hurled:
"You go to Church too late."

We know a man who came to town
To join two other brothers,
Who thought as long as he was down,
That he would visit others.

On Sunday evening he walked out,
For friends to make a search,
With full intention, he no doubt,
Would be in time for church.

They talked, and swift the moments flew,
As time thus always passes,
The thing he *should*, he *failed* to do,
That was put on his glasses.

His watch he drew, it open flew,
Its face and hands, he scaned,
And then proceeded, forthwith to do,
As he before had planed.

He started then with steady stride,
He walked with all his power,
Without the slightest aim to hide
That he was late one hour.

He marched himself up the middle aisle,
In a front pew he was seated,
With a sort of gusto, pomp, and style,
That scarce could be repeated.

His cain he held in his right hand,
His Derby in the other,
And proper though just then to stand,
With custom did not bother.

But quietly sitting there alone
While they sang a nice selection,
Supposing when that part was done,
Next thing would be collection.

But, alas! alas! to his chagrin,
The ceasing of the singing
Brought on the time when he begin,
To feel a silly stinging.

For the people then in silence stood
For the solemn invocation,
While the pastor nicely as he could
Dismissed *that* congregation.

It counts among the best of jokes,
With no alloy of fiction,
And witnessed by so many folks
Admits no contradiction,

A thing that ever could occur
Or better cause for laughter,
To tell you now I will defer,
If I ever do hereafter.

—*Squint.*

SUSSEX COUNTY.

(For other items under this heading turn to outside pages.)

A Romantic marriage occured in Lewes on Sunday night last, when the Rev. W. A. White pronounced William Magee and Merda Hastings man and wife. The bride was a girl of 14 wore short dresses, and the groom is a farmer of Baltimore hundred, 23 years old.

Henry Erbsmehl, of Laurel, who for years was in Milford in the jewelry business left Laurel where he has a very handsome store on Monday, December 19th, and nothing has been heard of him since. He is supposed to have had quite a large sum of money with him, and though the telegraph has been liberally used, as yet no clue has been obtained as to his whereabouts.

HOOD'S COUPON CALENDAR

1899 is a perfect beauty, patriotic, up to date. Subject:

"An American Gir"

One of the handsomest pieces of color work issued this year. Lithographed, with border of army and navy emblems embossed in gold. Leave your name with your druggist and ask him to save you a copy or send 6 cents in stamps for one to
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For MIDDLETONW
With a complete line of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing, of the very latest Style, and will give you City Styles and Prices right in your own town. Guaranteeing every thing we sell you, and if not Satisfactory Money Cheerfully Returned. We are also showing a Complete Line of Merchant Tailoring Goods to make to measure at popular prices.

Suitf worth	$18 00	-	sold at	$15 00
" "	15 00	-	" "	12 00
" "	12 00	-	" "	10 00
" "	10 00	-	" "	8 00

Young Men's and Boys' Suits All Prices.

Pants worth	$1 75	-	sold at	$1 50
" "	2 25	-	" "	1 98
" "	2 50	-	" "	2 25
" "	3 50	-	" "	3 00
" "	5 00	-	" "	4 00

Overcoats from $5.00 up to $20.00

All kinds of Gent's Furnishing Goods at lowest prices Call and examine our goods before buying elsewhere.

T. H. Pennock & Co,
T. E. HURN, Manager.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY to all to whom these presents shall come, that we, Robert S. Baird, of the city of Wilmington and State of Delaware, and James H McComb, of Brandywine hundred, New Castle county and State of Delaware, have this day entered into a limited partnership for the purpose of carrying on the trade and business of manufacturing and dealing in morocco and other leathers, and all things thereunto belonging or appertaining, under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Delaware, upon the terms hereinafter set forth.

The said partnership is to be conducted under the partnership name of Charles Baird and Company, and the general object of the partnership is to carry on the trade and business of manufacturing and dealing in morocco and other leathers and all things thereunto belonging or appertaining.

The names and residences of the said partners are as follows: The general partner of the said firm is Robert S. Baird, living in the city of Wilmington, New Castle county and State of Delaware, and the special partner is James C. McComb, of Brandywine Hundred, New Castle county and State of Delaware.

That the said James C. McComb, the special partner, has contributed the sum of Twenty Thousand Dollars to the common stock of the said partnership.

That the said partnership is to commence on the sixteenth day of November, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and ninety eight and is to end on the fifteenth day of November, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

In Witness Whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals at the city of Wilmington and State of Delaware, this sixteenth day of November, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and ninety eight.
ROBERT S. BAIRD, [L. S.]
JAMES M. McCOMB, [L. S.]
Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of
HORACE G. KNOWLES.

STATE OF DELAWARE, } ss.
New Castle County;
Be it remembered, that on this sixteenth day of November, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and ninety eight, personally come before me Lewis Sasse, a Justice of the Peace for New Castle county and State of Delaware, Robert S. Baird and James C. McComb, parties to the foregoing certificate, known to me personally to be such, and severally acknowledge that they signed and sealed the said certificate for the purposes herein set forth, and that the same is their and each of their act and deed.
Given under my hand and seal the day and year last aforesaid.
LEWIS SASSE, [L.S.]
nov.19 6t Justice of the Peace.

1899 THE SUN 1899
BALTIMORE, MD.

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FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE,
Honest in Motive,
Fearless in Expression,
Sound in Principle,
Unswerving in Its Allegiance to Right Theories and Right Practices.

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Editorially, The Sun Is the Consistent And Unchanging Champion and Depender of Popular Rights And Interests against political machines and monopolies of every character. Independent in all things, extreme in none. It is for good laws, good government and good order.

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The Weekly Sun Publishes all the news of each week, giving complete accounts of all events of interest throughout the world The Weekly Sun is unsurpassed as an.

Agricultural Paper.

It is edited by writers of pratical experience, who know what farming means and what farmers want in an agricultural journal. It contains regular reports of the work of the Agricultural experiment stations throughout the country, of the proceedings of farmers' clubs and institutes, and the discussion of new methods and ideas in agriculture. Its Market reports. Poultry department and Veterinary column are particularly valuable to country readers. The poultry Department is edited by a well-known poultry expert, and every issue contains practical information of value for poultry-raisers. Poultry on many farms has become a great source of revenue, and those interested in this profitable industry will find the Poultry department of the Weekly Sun invaluable in the way of suggestions, advice and information. Every issue contains stories, poems, household and puzzle columns, a variety of interesting and instructive selected matter and other features, which make it a welcome visitor in city and country homes alike.

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WILL SELL YOU THIS ORDER for 50c.		When you buy these articles one at a time they would cost you 62c.	
2 lbs. Granulated Sugar	5c	2 lbs Granulated Sugar	12c
1 Sack of Salt	1c	1 Sack of Salt	3c
1 Bar Oline Soap	2c	1 Bar Soap	4c
1 lb. Arbuckles Coffee	12c	1 lb Arbuckles Coffee	12c
1 Package Corn Starch	5c	1 Package Corn Starch	6c
1 lb. Clear Starch	5c	1 lb. Clear Starch	5c
1 lb. Rice	8c	1 lb Rice	8c
½ lb. Pepper	5c	½ lb. Pepper	5c
1 lb. Washing Soda	2c	1 lb. Washing Soda	2c
1 Bottle Baking Powders	5c	1 1 Bottle Baking Powder	5c
Total	50c	Total	62c

This Shows You How to SAVE 19 1-3 Per Cent.

3 lbs. of Sausage.....25c. Lemon eal.... 14c lb.
3 lbs. Mince Meat.....25c. Orange eal... 14c lb.
3 lbs. of Raisins.....25c. Cleane d Currents.5c l
2 lbs. of Bunch Raisins....25c. Seeded Raisins...10c lb.
2 lbs. Mixed Nuts.....25c. English Walnuts.17c lb.
1 lb. Citron.....14c. Butter Nuts.....10c lb

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... CANDY BY THE TON ...
As good as can be bought in the city and Cheaper.
Figs, Dates, Grapes and Nuts. These goods are fresh and of the best quality.
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Address all orders to **The Middletown TRANSCRIPT,**
Middletown, Delaware

NOTICE!
The Annual Meeting of the
Cantwell Mutual Insurance Co.,
Will be held at the Hotel of Charles W. Lloyd in Odessa, Del.,
MONDAY, JANUARY 2d, 1899,
at which time seven (7) Directors will be elected to serve the ensuing year. The premium on Deposit Notes at the rate of five (5) per cent. will be required to be paid. The Directors have declared a
DIVIDEND OF FIVE (5) PER CENT.
out of the Surplus Fund on all balances standing to the credit of members, payable on and after January 2d, 1899. Election for Directors will take place between the hours of 11 o'clock A. M. and 1 o'clock P. M.
JOHN C. CORBIT, President.
JOSEPH G. BROWN, Secretary.
Odessa Del., Dec. 14th, '98.

Notice—Election!
THE PEOPLES' NATIONAL BANK, OF MIDDLETOWN, Middletown, Del., Dec. 12th, 1898.
The Annual Election for Ten Directors will be held at the banking house, on SATURDAY JANUARY 14th, 1899, between the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M., and 12 o'clock, noon.
G. D. KELLEY, Cashier.

Notice--Election!
NEW CASTLE COUNTY NATIONAL BANK, OF ODESSA, December 8th, 1898.
The Stockholders Annual Meeting for the election of NINE DIRECTORS to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House, on WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4th, 1899, between the hours of 11 o

Consumption

AND ITS CURE

TO THE EDITOR:—I have an absolute remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been already permanently cured. So proof-positive am I of its power that I consider it my duty to *send two bottles free* to those of your readers who have Consumption, Throat, Bronchial or Lung Trouble, if they will write me their express and postoffice address. Sincerely,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

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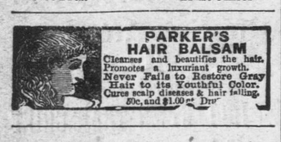
WM. R. BRINCKLE, Vice-Pres. JOHN S. ROSSELL Trust Officer



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Middletown, Del.

Middletown Directory.

MUNICIPAL OFFICERS.

President, J. F. McWhorter; Secretary, J. A. Suydam; Charles H. Howell, George G. Rowe, Wm. R. Cochran.

BANKS.

Peoples National Bank.—President, G. W. Nandain; Cashier, Geo. D. Kelley; Teller, W. G. Lockwood. Bank Building on East Main Street.

Citizens National Bank.—President, Joseph Biggs; Cashier, John S. Crouch; Teller, A. Darlington. Bank Building on South Broad Street.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Middletown Council, No. 3, Jr. O. U. A. M. Meets every Monday night in McWhorter's Hall at 8 o'clock.

Union Lodge, No. 5, A. F. & A. M. Meets first Tuesday of each month in Town Hall.

Good Samaritan Lodge, No. 9, I. O. O. F. Meets every Thursday night in McWhorter's Hall at 8 o'clock.

Damon Lodge, No. 12, K. of P. Meets every Wednesday night in McWhorter's Hall at 8 o'clock.

Major John Jones Post, No. 22, G. A. R. Meets every Friday night in Reynolds Building at 7 o'clock.

Welcome Conclave Heptasophs. Meets every second and fourth Friday night in K of P. Hall.

Union Lodge, No. 6, A. O. U. W., meets every 2d and 4th Tuesday night in McWhorter's Hall.

LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS.

Volunteer Hose Company, meets first Friday night of each month in Hose House.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL, DEC. 31, 1898

MY MARYLAND.

(For other items under this heading turn to inside pages.)

Capt. Frank Cohee, of Cecil county, has been appointed by the county commissioners of Cecil bridge tender at the Sassafras river bridge, which connects Cecil with Kent county. The appointment is for one year.

The funeral of John Reed, one of the oldest citizens in the First district, who died at his home near Pond's Neck on Thursday was held Saturday afternoon at Bethel Church. The deceased was in his 83d year.

Harry Boulden, who is well-known as a North East pugilist, had his arm broken and his shoulder dislocated on Saturday night.. His injuries were the result of a fall received while engaged in a fight at a ball in the vicinity of Elkton.

Mrs. Kendall, wife of Walter Kendall, a farmer, living near Fairlee, Kent county, died at her home Sunday afternoon as the result of the bursting of a varicose vein. She expired before medical aid could be summoned.

Senator Charles T. Wescott has resigned from the Board of Town Commissioners of Chestertown. Mr. Westcott owns the water works which he desires to sell to the town and in view of the negotiations has surrendered his place.

John Holmes, a lad of sixteen years, son of Mayfield Holmes, of Elk Neck, met with a serious accident while gunning near his home on Wednesday. In some manner the gun was discharged while the young man had his hand up on the muzzle. The charge tore through his hand, taking his second finger and making an ugly and painful wound. He was brought to Elkton, where the finger, which was hanging by shreds of flesh, was removed.

George Dean, who lives on the farm of John Gilpin, north of town, narrowly escaped being suffocated by gas while in Wilmington Friday night. He had gone there to attend market, and was the guest of a friend, Mr. W. A. Holt, of Kirkwood street. In extinguishing the gas, Mr. Dean gave it an extra turn, to be sure it was off. During the night Mr. Holt heard Mr. Dean breathing heavily, and upon entering his room found him in an unconscious condition. A physician was called in, and, after several hours work, succeeded in restoring Mr. Dean to consciousness. He was brought home Saturday night, Dec. 24, in a weak condition.—Elkton Appeal.

CHRISTMAS FOX HUNT.

An exciting fox chase in which reynard was allowed to come off victorious took place on the Elkton-Chesapeake road, near the latter town, Monday. The hunt was participated in by about thirty-five horsemen, together with a following of carriages. The fox was liberated not far from the Harriott farm and led his pursuers a merry chase toward Welsh Point, doubling on his track, back to where the hunt began. He was holed shortly after 1 o'clock. Of the three dogs in at the finish two belong to Abe Wilson, of Elkton.

Robert D. Brown and James McIntire, of Elkton, took part in a run that started from Glasgow at 7 o'clock Monday morning. A fox was started in Delaware Clark's grove. He made a bee line for Iron Hill with fifteen hunters in pursuit. He was in fine form and gave a chase of several hours duration. He was a sly reynard and kept close to the dense thickets. He was finally lost in Whitaker's ore pit. The day was a splendid one, but the roads were almost impassable.—Elkton Appeal.

KENT COUNTY.

(For other items under this heading turn to inside pages.)

A child of Albert Mousley was recently kicked and knocked senseless by a horse. The malar bone of the face was fractured, causing the eye to fall out. Dr. W. F. Davis, of Dover, who attended him, was in doubt about restoring the eye, but he replaced the member and treated it with strong restoratives until the bandages were removed Wednesday, showing the eye fully made whole and useful.

In answer to an inquiry the "Delawarean" says the name of "St. Jones" for this neck and river on which Dover is situated goes back to the earliest known period in our local history. A St. Jones Parish in England is mentioned in Lord Raymond's Reports. It is probable that St. Jones Neck and River were named by people who came here from this English parish. This, we are told, was the opinion of the late Chief Justice Comegys. We are unable to state how the English parish obtained its name.

SUSSEX COUNTY.

(For other items under this heading turn to inside pages.)

Citizens of Lewes are agitating the question of establishing electric lights in that town.

Menane Hitchens, who died at his home in Laurel recently, aged 83, was the town's oldest citizen.

Mr. George Long, a conductor on the N. Y., P. & N. R. R., was bitten by a hog while in the act of killing it. He is suffering intense pain from the wound.

John Sammons, of Georgetown, trainman in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad, had his right arm terribly mangled on Thursday morning by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of Lee Mitchell, while hunting near town.

The Lewes Ice Manufacturing Company will soon commence to freeze and store ice for the coming season. Their plant is nearly completed. Its capacity will be seven tons. The Remington Machine Co., of Wilmington, are putting in the machinery.

A school will shortly be opened in Laurel for the purpose of teaching telegraphy, short-hand, typewriting and book-keeping. The instruction will be complete and practical in each branch and pupils entering the school for study will receive a thorough training that will enable them to perform the several duties named.

Postmaster Maull of Georgetown received notice one day last week from the officials of the weather bureau at Washington, that Georgetown had been selected as one of the points of giving notice of important and unusual changes in the weather. He will be notified by telegraph of the approach of cold or hot waves, heavy storms of any sort, etc.

The Methodist Episcopal Church at Bridgeville re-opened Sunday Dec. 18, after being repainted and improved by decorated metallic walls and ceiling. The improvement cost about $750, which amount was collected, previous to the re-opening. The morning and evening sermons were preached by the Rev. W. S. Robinson, pastor of the Lafayette M. E. Church, Jersey City, and a former pastor of Bridgeville. In addition to this a mortgage of $1000 has been paid off and other improvements made to the church property.

Send Hobson There.

In no other part of the world is kissing so much in vogue as in Russia. From time immemorial it has been the national salute; indeed, it is more of a greeting than a caress.

In public affairs, as in private, the kiss is an established custom. Fathers and sons kiss, old generals with rusty mustaches kiss, whole regiments kiss. The Emperor kisses the officers. On a reviewing day there are almost as many kisses as shots exchanged. If a Lilliputian corps of cadets have earned the imperial approval the imperial salute is bestowed upon the head boy, who passes it on with a hearty report to his neighbor, he in turn to the next, and so on through the whole juvenile body.

On a holiday or fete day the young and delicate mistress of a house will not only kiss all her maid servants, but all her men servants, too, and if the gentleman does not venture above her hand she will stoop and kiss his cheek.

To judge, also, from the number of salutes, the matrimonial bond in these high circles must be one of uninterrupted felicity. A gentleman scarcely enters or leaves the room without kissing his wife either on her forehead, cheek or hand.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

At the engagement at Las Quasimsa Capt. Allyn K. Capron of the Rough Riders, son of Capt. Capron, Sr., was killed. His body was left for a time where it fell. His hat was placed to cover his face and a black rubber poncho thrown over the body. Only the rough, mud-clotted shoes protruded from beneath the poncho. Word was sent to Capt. Capron, Sr., and he soon reached the scene of the engagement. White-faced, but upright, he stood for a moment looking down at that black, forbidding outline in a by-path of a thicket—all that remained of the last of three promising sons. Stooping, he lifted the hat from the dead boy's face and gazing at him with moist eyes, said:

"Well done, boy!"

Then replacing the hat he turned on his heel and marched stiffly away.

Toole's Lecture on China.

Toole, the English comedian, who loved a joke, had been advertised to lecture on China, for a charity. The hall was naturally crowded. When the time came he appeared in evening dress, white gloves and a long stick. With the stick he pointed to the wall on which hung what looked like a large map, one part colored in pink and the other in blue. "China," said Toole, "is divided into two parts: China proper and China improper. Of China proper very little is known. Of China improper, the less known the better."

While the audience laughed, Toole slipped out. After waiting for fifteen minutes the people realized that they had been sold and stole, like the Arabs, silently away.

But the charity made $1500.

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Washington . . . Letter

PRESIDENT McKinley gave the American Peace Commissioners, who brought the official copy of the Treaty of Peace to Washington, a cordial personal welcome and heartfelt congratulations on their successful work, and assured them that the Christmas gift they brought to the American people was thoroughly appreciated. As a further mark of his appreciation, he will give, in honor of the Commissioners, a State Dinner at the White House. In addition to the treaty, the Commissioners brought to the President, a full and detailed report of their work. The Commissioners were pleased to learn that the opposition to the ratification of the treaty by the Senate had practically all died out, and that the treaty was likely to be promptly ratified. Senators who have been quoted as intending to oppose the treaty have assured President McKinley, that while opposed to our retention of the Philippines permanently, they would vote to ratify the treaty as soon as it was reported to the Senate from the Committee on Foreign Relations, to which it will be sent as soon as it goes to the Senate, which it will be immediately upon the re-assembling of Congress.

The Spanish Peace Commissioners will realize what a mistake they made when they refused to sell us a small island in the Carolines for a cable station, as soon as they learn that we have taken possession of an island—Wake—island that will answer every purpose and will cost nothing. This island is about two thousand miles from the Hawaiian islands and about thirteen hundred miles from Guam, being almost on a direct line between those possessions. As far back as 1851, Admiral Wilkes surveyed this island and asserted title, but the island being merely a coral reef three miles long, has never been occupied. But it is allright for a station, and President McKinley has sent orders to Commander Taussig, of the gun-boat Bennington, to proceed to he island and take formal possession. It is a coincidence that on the 4th of July of this year, a transport bound for Manila, stopped at Wake island to allow our soldiers to get a day's recreation on land.

President McKinley stopped a lot of crooked business when he ordered that new franchises given by the local authorities in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, should be revoked by our Military Authorities, when they were unfair in their terms or likely to be against the best interest of the islanders. A lot of unscrupulous speculators have been engaged in the purchase of railroad. electric and other franchises from inpecuneous members of local governments in the towns on all of the islands with the expectation that the U. S. would recognize them. It is the President's intention to prevent any robbery of the islanders that can be prevented by watchfulness on the part of the authorities.

Admiral Sampson, who has just returned from Havana, where he has been on duty as a member of the evacuation commission, says that while many Cubans are anxious to set up an independent government, the better classes on the island, including most of the men of wealth and prestige in business affairs, are practically unanimously in favor of the U. S. taking the island for keeps, instead of only temporarily. The Admirals own opinion is that the Cubans are in no condition, at this time, to successfully establish and maintain a government of their own and while he doesn't say as much, the impression one gathers from talking with him, is that he doubts whether they ever will be.

Chairman Hull has filed with the clerk of the House, the report of the Committee on Military Affairs in favor of his bill for the reorganization and increase of the regular army, which was not ready when the bill was reported to the House, just before its Christmas adjournment. The report is very full, giving unanswerable reasons, in details why the bill should be passed. The following extract from the report fully explains the nature of the bill: "The bill fixes no maximum strength for the whole army. Assuming that the government will require about 100,000 men for defense of the frontier, for coast defense and to maintain our authority in the islands for whose good order and government this nation is now responsible, together with a resonable reserve force. The bill provides for the requirements of cavalry and infantry, the number required for each arm of the service, and a corps of artillery, for our sea-coast batteries with two regiments of artillery for field batteries. The Committee believe the organization as provided for in this bill will make the most efficient military organization, at the lowest cost to the tax-payer of any organization proposed by any bill before Congress." The estimated cost, if this bill becomes a law, as there is every reason to believe it will, in spite of democratic opposition, is $90,000,00 a year. The democrats acknowledge the present necessity for all the troops the Hull bill provides for, but in their bill, they try to whip the devil around the stump by limiting the regular army to 30,000 and providing for the enlistment for two years of 50,000 volunteers.

So much depends upon the purity of the blood that by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla many different diseases are cured.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

International S. S. Lesson for January 1, 1899. Jesus the true Light—John 1:1-14, Read the whole Chapter. Golden Text—"In Him was life, and the life was the light of men."—John 1. 4.

Who can imagine what it was like before God created the Heavens and the earth? But Jesus was there in glory with the Father in the beginning, and He was God. All things were made by Him, and nothing was made without Him. Life is in Him and death is in the world. Men are in darkness but His life is their Light. His Light shone in darkness but the darkness did not know Him.

A man named John came to bear witness of that Light, that all men through Him might believe. Jesus was the true Light that lights every man who comes into the world. Although He was in the world and made it, the world did not know Him. Although He came unto His own people, they did not receive Him. But as many as received Him, He gave the privelege to become His children; even all those who believe in Him, who are thus born into His family, not born of men but of God. Jesus was made flesh, and lived with other men, who behold His glory, the glory as of the only begotten son of God, full of grace and truth,

He was before Abraham. He shone in the houses of the children of Abraham when thick darkness filled the land of Egypt. His light went between them and their enemies when His children crossed the Red Sea on dry land. His Light was a cloud to guide them by day, and a pilar of fire to lead them in the night. He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. His Light still shines, and the condemnation to the world is this: that men love darkness better than Him. The Light of His countenance is about us all, but many refuse to look at Him. "The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" Although the light of the wicked shall be put out. He shall shine forever. "For with Thee is the fountain of life; in Thy Light shall we see light,"

What could we do without light? The Bible says it and men know it: "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Jesus is more than this to all who will look at Him. The moon lights a dark world because it reflects the bright sun. The good Book says. "Arise, shine, for thy light is come." Jesus said to believers. "Ye are the light of the world." Reflecting Him by serving Him, and waiting for Him to come again from Heaven, makes us think of the good time promised in His Book, when the light shall be seven-fold in the day of his coming, and be to us "a song in the night."

The wonderful day of His coming 'shall be one day which shall be known o the Lord, not day nor night, but it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light." This bright, light, the lighthouse, the companion and guide, says to every one of us, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else."

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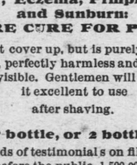
Fragrant  Superior

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Time Table.

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DELAWARE DIVISION

On and after Nov. 1st 1898, trains will leave as follows:

SOUTHWARD.

	PAS. A. M.	EXP. A. M.	PAS. P. M.	MAIL P. M.	MAIL P M	
Philadelphia	‡7 25	‖10 20	‡1.52	‡3.46	‡5.55	11.10
Baltimore	6.25	8.22	12 05	3.00	4.20	7.53
Wilmington	8 13	11.04	2.35	4.27	6.55	11.56
Farnhurst	‡ 8.22		‡ 2.44		7.04	
New Castle	8 27	‖11.21	2.49	4.39	7:09	
State Road	‡8.33		‡ 2.54		7:1	
Bear	‡8.38		‡ 2.59	‡ 4.48	7:1	
Porter	8.45		‡ 3.04	4.52	7:2	
Kirkwood	8.50		‡ 3.09		7:3	
Mt. Pleasant	8.59		‡ 3.17		7:3	
Armstrong	‡ 9.05				7:4	
Middletown	9 08	11.50	3.26	5.18	‡ 7:48	12.36
Townsend	9 17		3.34	5.28	‡ 7:56	
Blackbird	‡ 9.22		‡ 3.39		‡:01	
Gr'n Spring	‡ 9.27		‡ 3.45		‡8:07	
Clayton	9 33	12 07	3.15	5.42	8:16	12.47
Smyrna...LV	9 23	11.57	3.41	5 21	8:08	
Brenford	‡9.38		‡ 3 59		‡8:18	
Cheswold	‡9.43		‡ 4.04		‡8:24	
Dupont			‡ 4.0			
Dover	9.58	12.23	4.14	5.59	8:34	1.16
Wyoming	10.05	‖12.29	4 20	6.06	8:40	a 1.24
Woodside	‖10 11			‡ 6.11	‡8.47	
Viola	‖10.15			‡ 6.15	‡8.51	
Felton	10 20	‖12.40		6.20	8.56	a 1.88
Harrington	10 34	12.53		6.33	9.07	1.50
Farmington	‖10 42	a 1.00		‡ 6.41	‡9.15	
Greenwood	‖10.50	‡ 1.08		‡ 6.49	‡9.23	
Bridgeville	10.58	‡ 1.16		6.57	9.31	a 2.14
Cannons	‖11.08			‡ 7.02	‡9.36	
Seaford	11.18	1.27		7.11	9.45	2.26
Laurel	11.28	‡ 1.37		7.21	9.55	a 2.38
Delmar	11.33	1.46		7.30	10 05	2.50

NORTHWARD.

	EXP. A. M.	MAIL A. M.	EXP. A. M.	MAIL A. M.	EXP. P. M.	PAS P. M
Delmar	‖1.08		‡7.00	8.00	‡2 15	3.39
Laurel	‡ 1.21		7.11	8.10	‡ 2.25	3.41
Seaford	1.34		7.25	8.24	2 35	3.56
Cannons			‡ 7.31	‡ 8.31		‡ 4.04
Bridgeville	‡ 1.48		7.37	8.37	‡ 2.46	4.11
Greenwood			‡7.45	‡ 8.45	‡ 2.54	‡ 4.19
Farmington			‡ 7.53	‡ 8.53		‡ 4.27
Harrington	2.22		8.05	9 06	3.08	4.40
Felton	‡ 2.38		8.14	9.16	‡ 3.18	4:49
Viola			‡8.18	‡ 9.20		‡ 4:53
Woodside			‡8.23	‡ 9.24		‡ 4:57
Wyoming	‖2:46	26.57	8.29	‡ 9.31	‡ 3 30	5:05
Dover	2.52	7.03	8.35	9.38	3.36	5:11
Dupont		‡7.08				
Cheswold		‡7.13		‡ 9.48		‡ 5:20
Brenford		‡7.18		‡ 9.53		‡ 5:25
Smyrna...LV		7.15	8.42	9 50	3.41	5:21
Clayton	3.09	7.25	8.53	10.00	3.54	5:31
Gr'n Spring		‡7.29				‡ 5:37
Blackbird		‡7.35		‡10.09		‡ 5:43
Townsend		7.40	9 06	10 14	4 07	5:50
Middletown	3.30	7.50	9.15	10.24	4.16	5:58
Armstrong		‡7.54				‡ 6:2
Mt Pleasant		7.58		‡10 33		6:06
Kirkwood		8.08		10.42		6:16
Porter		8.15	9 34	10.48	4.34	6:22
Bear		‡8.20		‡10.53		6:27
State Road		‡8.25		‡10.58		6:32
New Castle		8.31	9.46	11.04	‡ 4.47	6:37
Farnhurst		‡8.36	9 50	‡11.09		‡ 6.42
Wilmington	4 15	8 45	9 58	11.19	4.59	6:50
Baltimore	6.10	10.37	11 15	12.35	6.55	8:40
Philadelphia	5.10	9.32	10 46	12.06	5.43	7:38

a.m. a.m. a.m. p.m. p.m. p.m

‖ Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday.

"a" Stops to leave passengers from Wilmington and points north, or take passengers for points south of Delmar.

"f" Stops only on notice to conductor or agent or on signal.

"l" Stops to leave passengers from Middle town and points south.

"p" Stops to leave passengers from points south of Delmar, or take passengers for Wilming and points north.

NEW CASTLE ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.—Leave Wilmington 8.13, 11.04, a. m., 2.35, 4.27, and 6.55, p. m., week-days Leave New Castle 8.31, 9.46, 11.04 a. m., 4.47 and 6.37 p. m., week-days.

Express trains leaving Harrington 8.05 a. m., and arriving at 6.38 p. m., week-days, run through solid to and from Baltimore, via Porter and Newark.

BRANCH ROADS.

DELAWARE, MARYLAND & VIRGINIA R. R.—Leave Harrington for Franklin City and way statiods 10.39 a m 6.37 p m week days. Returning train leaves Franklin City 5.50 a. m. and 1.37 p. m. week days.

Leave Franklin City for Chincoteague (via steamer) 1.43 p. m., week days Returning, leave Chincoteague 4.42 a. m., week-days.

Leave Harrington for Georgetown, Lewes at 10.39 a. m., 6.37 p. m., week-days, Returning, leave Lewes 6.45 a. m. and 3.00 p. m. week-days.

Leave Harrington for Berlin, 10 39 a. m. and 6.37 p. m. week days. Returning, leave Berlin 6.57 a m and 2.40 p. m. week days.

QUEEN ANNE & KENT R. R.—Leave Townsend for Centreville and way stations 9 21 a. m., and 5.31 p. m., week days Returning, leave Centreville 7.26 a. m., and 2.37 p. m., week-days.

DELAWARE & CHESAPEAKE R. R.—Leave Clayton for Oxford and way stations 2.38 a. m., and 5.47 p. m., week days. Returning, leave Oxford 6.45 a. m., and 1 40 p. m., week-days.

CAMBRIDGE & SEAFORD R. R.—Leave Seaford for Cambridge and intermediate stations 11.17 a. m. and 7.15 p. m. week-days. Returning, leave Cambridge 7.00 and 2.30 p. m. week-days

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